THE

PARLIAMENTS

Thanks to

The Citie:

For their kinde complyance with them in all their Treaſons *from time to time committed againſt His Maieſties Honor, Crowne and Dignitie.*

DEDICATED

To the Loyall and treacherous Citizens: the valiant and cowardly Citizens; the wiſe and fooliſh Citizens; the wealthy and poor Citizens; *the ſquare and Round-headed* Citizens; *the honored, and the Horned* Citizens.

BY

Mercurius Melancholicus:

YOu Loyall Citizens,
I call you as you were,
In times of old till now,
For many a hundred yeer.
What is the reaſon now
you are Diſloyall growne,
And have forſaken quite
The *Royall Engliſh* Crowne?

You Treacherous Citizens,
I call you, as you are,
How comes it ſo to paſſe
that you with *Iudas* ſhare?
Blot out your *Dagger* now
your *Arms* their chiefeſt grace;
Iack Straw in ſtead ſhall put
his Thatching-*Knife* in place.

You Valiant Citizens,
I call you, as you were,
Time out of mind, untill
this preſent Conquering yeare:
It pities me to ſee
how hartleſs you are growne,
That dare not budge nor ſtir
for to preſerve *your owne*.

You cowardly Citizens,
I call you as you are,
Our miſeries they increaſe,
be ſure you ſhall have ſhare:
How bedleſs boyes doe tread,
(the world will laugh to ſee)
Your honor in the duſt,
with ſhame and Obloquie.

You wiſe grave Citizens,
I call you as you were,
Whilſt you your ſelves maintain'd
your *Priviledges* cleare:
My heart doth burſt to ſee
your *King*, your *Lawes*, your *Rights*,
Abus'd, infring'd, o'rethrowne
all by your overſights.

You fooliſh Citizens,
I call you, as you are,
Of *Goods*, of *Rights*, of *Lives*,
you ſhall be ſtripped bare;
Where are your eyes become?
you cannot ſee at all
How neare you are unto
a lamentable fall.

You wealthy Citizens,
I call you as you were,
Whil'ſt in protection you
were of your *Soveraigne* deare:
But now the caſe is alter'd
the clean contrary way,
Your *Riches* are become
the plundring Souldiers prey.

You poore baſe Citizens,
I call you as you are,
In what a caſe are you?
how mean, how vile, how bare?
What you your ſelves have got,
nor you, nor yours enjoy.
Dam-me it's mine will ſweare
ſome upſtart Souldiers boy.

Square-headed *Citizens*,
I call you as you were,
Whil'ſt you the helme of *Iuſtice*
moſt equally did ſteere,
But now your giddy heads
have turn'd you all ſo round,
Of *Law*, or of *Religion*
we can have nothing found.

Round-headed Citizens,
I call you as you are,
For by your orbed forms,
You put all out of ſquare:
The Kingdom quite undone,
your ſelves ſhall not eſcape,
Expect no further bliſs,
but Murder, Theft and Rape.

You honored Citizens.
I call you as you were,
Whil'ſt you reſerv'd a ſtrength,
to keep your ſelves from fear;
But all your Hold's are loſt,
by your grave wiſedomes pates,
If you your Houſes keep,
It's more then is your fates.

You horned Citizens,
I call you as you are,
What cockolds could endure
Corrivalls thus to ſhare?
Content I doe confeſs,
It is a Wittalls part,
Let nothing I have ſaid,
pray ſtrike you to the heart.

Farewell kinde *Citizens*,
all things but Horns are deare,
And no one may we thanke
but you, for this ſame geare.

A

Challenge

From

KENT,
And the Counties of Surrey, Suſſex,
Eſſex *and* Hertford-ſhire;
TO
The Citie of LONDON,
for her treachery ready
to be undone.

TAme, cowardly, Kuckoldly Citizens; that for your Treachery and Diſloyalty are grown ſhameleſs before men; perjur'd before God, Traytors to your King; Robbers and murderers to your Countrey; a Reproch to your Religion, a diſhonour to your Nation, and a hiſſing to the whole VVorld; the chief Protectors, upholders, and Abbetors of Traytors, Murderers, Theeves, and Schiſmaticks; and a Pay-maſter unto them that are over head and ears in *Blood*, Tyranny Rapine and Oppreſſion; That have made *London* (once the *Phaenix* of the world, that burn'd in Loyall flames to Soveraignity, till it renew'd it's Honor with it's Age, and its Proſperity with its Peace; a Citie *at unitie with it ſelf, that fear'd God, honoured the King*, were obediently governed by his Lawes, and became Rich and happy in all bleſſings whatſoever;) Till you with the ſuperfluity of your Moneybagges have waged Traytors in Rebellion againſt your lawfull King, to the undoing of all the Kingdom; turned your Citie (once the *Paragon of Beauty*,) into the *Pattern of Deformity*; your *Phaenix* into an *Owle*, to be whooted at by all Nations, and made the *crowne* and *Pride* of *England*, (by your treachery) to be the Scare-crow, and ſcorn of the world.

WEE the long abuſed People of England, that now juſtly take up Arms to redeem our King, Religion, Lawes and Liberties of the Subject from the Tyranny and Arbytrary cruelties of a Factious and over-awing *Prvalent Party*; VVill and require you the Citizens of *London* (as you will recover your crack'd credits) to doe the like with all convenient ſpeed; Elſe we ſhall doe our utmoſt to ſtop all Proviſions from comming to your Citie; and uſe the uttermoſt of our indeavors to reduce both you and your Citie to the Obedience of his Majeſtie, and all *criminaries* whatſoever to the *tryall of the knowne Lawes of the* Land.

God ſave the King.

FINIS.

Printed in the Yeer, when the city ſtincks for fear. 1648.